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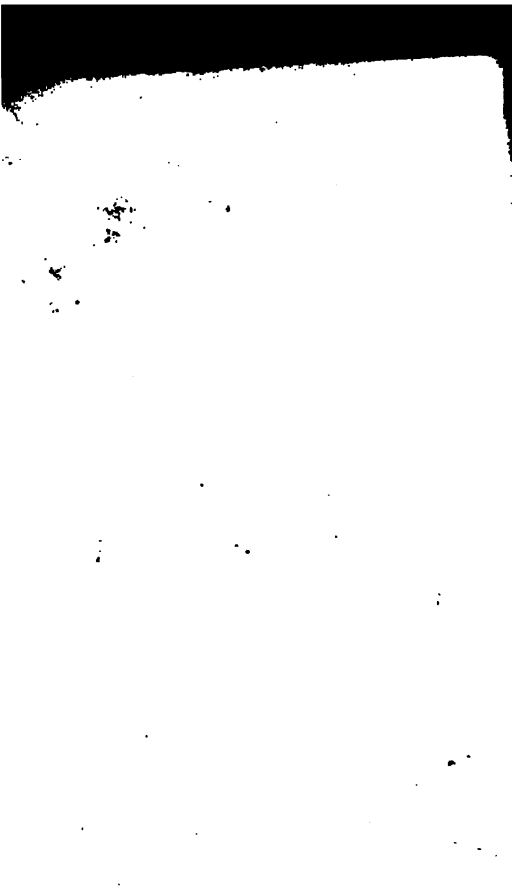

A SELECTION

OF

HYMNS AND POETRY

COMPILED CHIEFLY FOR THE USE OF THE

FRIENDS' SABBATH SCHOOLS,

LIVERPOOL.

LONDON:
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PREFACE

THE following Collection has been compiled by a few of the teachers of the Liverpool Friends' Sabbath Schools. Their object has been to supply themselves with a greater variety of Hymns, suitable to the requirements and capacities of their scholars, than is to be found in other Selections, and care has been taken to select only those pieces inculcating sound moral and religious principles.

Liverpool, 5 *Mo.* 1863.

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HYMNS AND POETRY.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.—P. M.

A little girl with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet, and edg'd with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she lov'd to ponder it o'er,
And every day she priz'd it more,
For it said, as she look'd at her dear little brother,
It said "Little Children love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in that book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walk'd on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look on her meek young face,
Which just as plain as words could say,
The Holy Bible I must obey;
So Mamma I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For "Little Children must love one another."

I'm sorry he's naughty and will not pray;
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me,
Will be better shown if I let him see

I strive to do what is just and right,
And thus, when I kneel to pray at night,
I'll clasp my arms around my brother
And say, "Little children must love one another."

The little girl did as the Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;
For the boy look'd up with glad surprise
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full; he could not speak;
He press'd a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God look'd down on the happy mother,
Whose Little Children lov'd each other.

"PEACE, BE STILL."—C. M.

A little ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

When lo! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.

And all but One, were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep;
His head was on a pillow laid,
And he was fast asleep.

"Master, we perish! Master, save!"
They cried; their Maker heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And still'd them with a word.

He to the storm says "Peace, be still;"
The raging billows cease;
The mighty winds obey His will,
And all are hush'd to peace.

O! well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour and our Friend;
Whose care of those who trust His word
Will never, never end.

THE VALUE OF TIME.—P. M.

A minute how soon it has flown!
And yet how important it is!
God calls every moment His own,
For all our existence is His!
And though we may waste them in folly and play,
He notices each that we squander away.

Why should we a minute despise—
Because it so quickly is o'er?
We know that it rapidly flies,
And therefore should prize it the more.
Another, indeed, may appear in its stead,
But those precious moments for ever are fled.

'Tis easy to squander our years
In idleness, folly, and strife;
But, oh! no repentance or tears
Can bring back one moment of life!
But time, if well spent, and improved as it goes,
Will render life pleasant, and peaceful its close.

FELLOWSHIP.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness thickens, Lord, with me abide;
When earthly helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay, in all around I see;
Oh Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I seek, a passing word;
But as Thou dwellest with Thy people, Lord;
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's powe
Who but Thyself, my guide, my stay, can be?
Through cloud and sunshine O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victu
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

SABBATH EVENING.—L. M.

Again we've passed a Sabbath day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven;
We thank Thee, Father, and we pray
That this day's faults may be forgiven.

May all we've heard and understood
Be well remembered through the week,
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

HE ORDERETH ALL THINGS WELL.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their shining wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at *his* gate,
God made them high and lowly
And ordered their estate.

The purple headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brighten up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruit in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty
Who doeth all things well.

M. HOWITT

CHILDREN'S PRAISE.—C. M.

Almighty Father! heavenly King,
Who rul'st the worlds above,
Accept the tribute children bring
Of gratitude and love.

To Thee, each morning when we rise,
Our early vows we pay;
And, ere the night has closed our eyes,
We thank Thee for the day.

Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us His word hath given,
That children young as we, may find
A certain path to heaven.

Stretch out, O Lord, thy gracious hand
To guide our erring youth,
And lead us to that blissful land,
Where dwells eternal truth.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes; God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No—for a constant watch He keeps,
On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet have never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven; He frowns in hell;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea;
I must within His presence dwell;
I cannot from His anger flee.

Yet I may flee—He shows me where:
To *Jesus Christ* He bids me fly;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in His eye.

AN EVENING HYMN.—C. M.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

Shepherd of souls! who dost not sleep,
Sustain my slumb'ring head!
And through the hours of darkness keep
Thy watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in Thy love.

JESUS ONCE A CHILD.

And was my Saviour once a child,
A little child like me?
And was He humble, meek, and mild
As little ones should be?

Oh! why did not the Son of God
Come as an angel bright?
And why not leave His fair abode
To come with power and might

Because He came not here to reign,
As sovereign here below;
He came to save our souls from sin,
Whence all our sorrows flow.

And did the Son of God most high
Consent a man to be?
And did that blessed Saviour die
Upon the cross for me?

And did my Saviour freely give
His life for sinful men?
What! did he die that we might live?
Oh, how he loved us then!

Accept, O ever blessed Lord!
An infant's humble praise;
Teach me to love Thy holy word,
And serve Thee all my days.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.—C. M. P.

Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy happy band.
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

Once they were little ones like you,
And lived on earth below;
And could not praise, as now they do,
The Lord who loved them so. Singing, &c.

What brought them to that world above—
That heaven so bright and fair;
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came those children there? Singing, &c.

Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean. Singing, &c.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb. Singing, &c.

ANNE HOULDITCH.

MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR IN THE MORNING.—L. M.

Psalm 5. 3.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day, thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear.
Think how all-seeing God, thy ways,
Thy every secret thought, surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

All praise to Thee who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee more fondly than he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee;
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
Many traces of sorrow are seen:
Oh! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been;
Remember thy mother, for thee she will pray
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn,
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth
If the dew of affection be gone;
Be kind to thy brother,—wherever we are,
The love of a brother shall be,
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than the pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister, not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love!
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above:

Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers
More precious than wealth or renown.

LITTLE MARY.

Before the bright sun rises over the hill,
In the corn fields poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill,
With the few scattered ears she can glean.

She never looks off, nor goes out of her place,
To play, nor to idle, or chat,
Except now and then just to wipe her warm face,
And fan herself with her straw hat.

"Oh, why not leave off as the others have done,
And sit with them under the tree?
I fear you will faint in the beams of the sun,
How weary and hot you must be!"

"Oh no! my dear mother lies sick in her bed,
Too feeble to spin or to knit;
My poor little brothers are crying for bread,
And yet we can't give them a bit.

"Then could I be idle, or merry, or play
While they are so hungry and ill,
Ah! no, I had rather work hard all the day,
My little blue apron to fill."

Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain rock and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

Thou that slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest!
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity;
God of life! that, fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

HOGG

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean?
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favours secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

HEBER.

SEED TIME.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
Sow in faith the little seed;
Be not idle, faint, or weary,
God's eternal promise plead,
With the old man and the stripling,
With the rich and with the poor;
Think that when to-morrow dawneth,
Seed-time may be thine no more.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
Sow in faith the little seed;
Wind and drought and rain and sunshine,
Still each other shall succeed.

In the morning in the evening,
Scatter still with bounteous hand;
Here and there some grain forgotten,
Germinates in fruitful land.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
Sow in faith the little seed;
Be of great results expectant,
For the harvest is decreed.
Now, thou knowest not the issue,
Now, thou must confide in God;
He can cause thy work to prosper,
Guiding all events for good.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
Sow in faith the little seed;
Oft an unseen blessing hallows
Some un-thought-of word or deed.
God shall give thee sweet rejoicing
After many anxious days;
And thine everlasting anthem,
Shall declare thy Maker's praise.

CHARLES MACKAY.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.—L. M.

Children do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by anything you say?

Little children love each other,
Never give another pain;
If your brother speaks in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other,
Never spoil another's rest:
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

Children of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children too of modern days
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing,
Loud Hosannas to our King.

We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word;
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise for all to God be given! Hark, &c.

Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies! Hark, &c.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

Children you have gone astray,
  Far from God, and peace, and heaven;
Would you leave that dangerous way?
  Would you have your sins forgiven?
    Christ can all your sins forgive,
    Look to Jesus, look and live.

Children you have sinful hearts:
  Jesus Christ can make you whole,
He can cleanse your inward parts,
  Sanctify and save your soul.
    Jesus a new heart can give;
    Look to Jesus, look and live.

Children you must shortly die,
  Jesus died your souls to save;
If you to the Saviour fly
  You shall live beyond the grave,
    Life eternal he will give,
    Look to Jesus, look and live.

GOD'S CARE OF US.—C. M.

Come let us join, our God to praise,
  Whose mercy knows no end;
To him our cheerful voices raise,
  Our Father and our Friend.

In tender infancy, His care
  Preserved our lives from harm;
And still as years roll on, we are
  Protected by his arm.

He gives us friends, who seek our good,
And wish to make us wise;
His bounteous hand provides our food,
And all our wants supplies.

He gently leads our thoughts on high,
By kind instruction given;
He hears the prayers of infancy,
And points the way to heaven.

AN INVITATION.—P. M.

Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,
This is your accepted hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more!

O, ye needy, come and welcome!
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners will not *this* suffice?

Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of glory,
Sweetly echo with His name!
Hallelujah!
Heaven and earth His praise proclaim!

HART.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.—6 7's

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"*Trust in God* and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light:
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word or action,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God and do the right."

GENTLE REPROOF.—C. M.

Deal gently with the erring one,
You may not know the power,
With which the first temptation came
In some unguarded hour.
You may not know how earnestly
He struggled—or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came
And sadly thus he fell.

Speak gently to the erring one;
Oh! do not thou forget,
However deeply stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring one,
For is it not enough
That peace and innocence are gone,
Without thy censure rough?
Oh! sure it is a weary lot,
That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who have a happier lot,
May well their chidings spare.

Speak gently to the erring one,
And thou may'st lead him back,
With holy words and looks of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not too, that thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee,

J. A. FLETCHER.

THE BLIND BOY.

"Dear Mary," said a poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree;"
The poor boy sighed and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see.

"The flowers you say are very fair,
And bright green leaves upon the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one to see!

"Yet, I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight to me he has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

Ere long, disease its hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widow'd mother wept, and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said —"Oh, never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where God, my Saviour, I shall see.

"And you'll be there, kind Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell me, dear mother, that 'tis you;
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,
  Until the final blow was given,
When God took up that poor blind child,
  And opened first his eyes in heaven.

AMERICAN.

DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.—C. M.

Death has been here and borne away
  A scholar from our side;
Just in the morning of *her* day,
  As young as we—*she* died.

Perhaps our time may be as short;
  Our days may fly as fast:
O Lord, impress the solemn thought.
  That this may be our last.

We cannot tell who next may fall
  Beneath Thy chastening rod;
One must be first, but let us all
  Prepare to meet our God.

All needful strength is Thine to give;
  To Thee, our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
  And make us fit to die.

TAYLOR.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

Father, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
  I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
  Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love
  Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
  And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart *at leisure from itself*
  To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
  That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
  Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
  And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
  In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
  To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
  For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
  To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
  While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space
  If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty!

NEARER HOME.

For ever with the Lord;
Amen! so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality,
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home,
Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,—
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's far seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.
Here, &c. &c.

And now my spirit faints
To view the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
Here, &c. &c.

For ever with the Lord,
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of Thy faithful word
E'en now in me fulfil.
Here, &c. &c.

FRIENDS PARTED BY DEATH.—P. M.

Friend after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

PRAISE FROM ALL MANKIND.—L. M.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;

HYMNS AND POETRY.

From many an ancient river;
  From many a palmy plain;
They call us to deliver
  Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
  Blow soft on Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
  And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
  The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
  Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
  With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
  The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
  The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
  Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds His story,
  And you ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory
  It spreads from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
  The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
  In bliss returns to reign!

BISHOP HEB

GIVE ME A DRAUGHT.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the burning sun is high;
When the rocks and the woods their shadows fling
Where the pearls and the pebbles lie.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow;
When the leaves of the trees are withering
From the frost and the fleecy snow.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone;
When the flowers are in bloom, and the echoes ring
From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the ripening fruits appear;
When the reapers the song of the harvest sing,
And plenty has crowned the year.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
And the same from day to day:
But if aught from the worm of the still you bring,
I will pour every drop away.

HYMN ON RETIRING TO REST.—L. M.

"I will both lay me down...and sleep."—Psalm iv. 8.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!
Beneath Thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
Nor powers of darkness me molest.

Oh when shall I in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns, with the supernal choir,
Incessant sing and never tire!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ZION, CITY OF OUR GOD.—P. M.

Psalm lxxxvii. 3.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living water,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

TALENTS.—P. M.

All have their Duties.

God entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,
  Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
  Which to me was given.

Little drops of rain
  Bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain
  Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
  Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
  Helps to swell the treasure.

God entrusts to all,
  Talents few or many;
None so young and small
  That they have not any.

ON PRAYER.—P. M.

Go when the morning shineth;
  Go when the noon is bright;
Go when the eve declineth;
  Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling,
  Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber, kneeling,
  Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those that hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim.
And link with each petition
The great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing
Of a spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

GRACE BEFORE A MEAL.

Great God, we praise Thy gracious care,
Which does our daily bread prepare;
Oh, bless the earthly food we take,
And feed our soul's for Jesus' sake. W.F.

LINES

Written by a Lady in vindication of her zeal in the Temperance cause.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief—the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hopes faded flowers, strewed all the way,
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech, and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
Its downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied!

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirror'd, his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,
The sobs of sad despair,—
As memory feeling's founts have stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go, to thy mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimm'd eye, her furrowed brow,
The grey that streaks her dark hair now,
Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him,
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth!
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
His promise to the deadly cup;
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright!
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing *a drunkard's wife!*
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, *a drunkard's child!*

GOD OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

God is in heaven! Can He hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, thoughtful child, thou need'st not fear
He listeneth to thine.

God is in heaven! Can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can; He looks at thee
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven! Would He know,
If I should tell a lie?
Yes; though thou said'st it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven! Does He care,
Or is He good to me?
Yes; all thou hast to eat or wear,
'Tis God that gives it thee.

God is in heaven! May I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes; love Him, seek Him, and one day
He'll call thee to the sky.

GOD EVERYWHERE.—L. M.

God made the world—in every land
His love and power abound:
All are protected by His hand,
As well as British ground.

The Indian hut, the English cot,
Alike His care must own;
Though savage nations know Him not,
But worship wood and stone.

He sees and governs distant lands,
And constant bounty pours,
From wild Arabia's burning sands,
To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There in majestic power He reigns,
The ever present God.

All the inhabitants of earth,
Who dwell beneath the sun,
Of different nations, name, and birth,
He knows them every one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,
The cultured and the wild;
The lofty monarch on the throne,
And every little child.

While He regards the wise and fair,
The noble and the brave,
He listens to the beggar's prayer,
And the poor Negro slave.

He knows the worthy from the vile,
And sends His mercies down;
None are too mean to share His smile,
Or to provoke His frown.

Great God! and since Thy piercing ey
My inmost heart can see,
Teach me from every sin to fly,
And turn that heart to Thee.

GOD IS LOVE.—8. 7.

God is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Time and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

[GHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

COWPE

SABBATH SCHOOL ANTHEM!

God bless our Sunday school,
Increase our Sunday school,
God bless our school.
Send down Thy grace divine,
May every child be Thine,
And love all hearts entwine,
God bless our school.

All our dear teachers bless,
Oh, grant them large success,
In winning souls.
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labours crowned by Thee,
God bless our school.

So may our school increase
In knowledge, love, and peace,
God bless our school.
And when death's arrows fly,
And useful teachers die,
Their places still supply,
God bless our school.

PEACE ANTHEM.

God bless our native land,
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore.—
May PEACE her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On War no more.

Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our Queen,
Long may she reign—
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love,
Her throne maintain.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle—
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty!
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er.

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."—L. M

Great God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

Art Thou my father?—Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise.

Art Thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek obedient child to Thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

Art Thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be,
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art Thou my Father?—Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

TAYLOR.

EARLY RELIGION.—C. M.

Happy the child, whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes:
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, that grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee,
Our childhood we resign:
'Twill please us to look back, and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus, I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

WATTS.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.—7.'s.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hail, the Heaven-sent Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing on his wings.

Gracious bond of earth and sky!
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth!

LOOK FOR THE FLOWERS.

Here, we earth-wanderers
Timid and brave,
Hasten with onward step
Nearer the grave;
And in our pilgrimage
Should we not see
All that is beautiful,
Lovesome and free?
Should we, with mourning heart,
Sit all forlorn?
Should we with sullen hand
Gather the thorn?
Should we in rambling
Over the meads,
Look but for pestilent
Poisonous weeds?
Should we not joyously,
Hand locked in hand,
A hopeful—a jubilant,
Brotherly band,
Look for the flowers?

In the far nooks of life—
In the deep shade—
Where amidst evil things
Good well might fade;
God sends the sunny beam,
God sends the showers,
Nursing humanity's
Ever-bright flowers.

Sin may be rife enough—
But "The good part,"
Lieth low hidden in
Every heart.
God sent the stream at first,
From His own fount—
Christ, in diffusing it,
Died on the mount;
And amongst stony ways
Ripples are heard,
Like the half utter'd notes
Of a lone bird;
Dark tho' the fate of us,
That matters not—
In the glad soul of us
Lies the bright spot,
Look for the flowers!
Are there not sainted ones,
Graciously given,

Touch the live hearts of them
With thy love-wand—
Seek not the weeds in them,
And to thy sight
They will be angel-like,
Holy and bright;
Look for the flowers!

Look for the flowery way,
Life has its clouds;
Treasured ones suddenly
Wrapp'd in their shrouds;—
Hopes often dash'd aside—
Hearts rudely torn,
And o'er wreck'd promises
Oft do we mourn;—
Hints, too, are given us,
That our swift day,
Rapidly—rapidly,
Fleeteth away.
Up, then! and cheerfully,
Trust me, there lies,
Much that is beautiful,
'Neath the broad skies!
Go on life's pilgrimage,
Hand locked in hand,
A hopeful—a jubilant,
Brotherly band,
Looking for flowers!

HEAVENLY JOYS.—P. M.

Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more:
Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more!

All who love the Lord below,
When they die, to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above:
Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more!

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday school;
Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more!

Teachers, too, will meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Will meet to part no more;
Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more!

Oh, how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne;
Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more!

There we shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising God, the Lord;
Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more!

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—8. 7.

Holy Father, grant thy blessing,
On thy children gathered here;
May their faith and love increasing
Be renewed from year to year.

Parents, teachers, friends uniting,
Humbly would we seek thy face,
Jesus' sacred voice inviting
To thy free, redeeming grace.

Him our Shepherd, gently leading,
May we follow young and old;
On His pasture ever feeding,
May we form one happy fold.

May His gospel of salvation
Welcome spread from shore to shore!
Till the blest of every nation
Meet in heaven to part no more.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.—C.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or works, or healthful play
Let my first years be past:
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

WAT

TIME AND ETERNITY.—C. M.

How long sometimes a day appears!
And weeks—how long are they!
Months move along, as if the years
Would never pass away.

But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years must have an end;
Eternity has none!
'Twill always have as long to spend,
As when it first begun!

Great God, we children cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
But only pray that we may dwell
That long, long time with Thee.

TAYLOR.

HEAVEN OR THE BETTER LAND.—P. M.

I hear thee speak of a better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother, oh! where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance thro' the myrtle boughs?
Not there; not there—my child.

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
Or strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there; not there—my child.

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there; not there—my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom:
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
'Tis there; 'tis there—my child.

F. HEMANS.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;

HYMNS AND POETRY.

Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

ATTRIBUTES OF CHRIST.—7's & 6's.

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash away my stains;
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My sorrows and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my burdens bears.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline;
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;

I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

BONAR.

WATER.

I spring from the rock, from the mountain's side,
Sparkling, pure, and bright;
And I gather strength, as I rapidly glide,
From my birth-place, into light.

Richness I bear to land and tree,
Beauty, to hill and dale;
Beast and bird delight in me,
Drink, and are strong and hale.

Fresh are the flowers that deck my banks,
The sod is greenest there;
And the warbling winged ones sing their thanks,
As they drink of me everywhere.

The traveller, on burning sands,
The wanderer on the sea;
Gasping for water, clasp their hands,
And wildly pray for me.

I'm the only drink that was given
To man, when pure and free;
Return then to the streams of heaven,
You're safe when you drink of me.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast,
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

There at my Saviour's side;
Heaven is my home:
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not;
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:

And I shall surely stand,
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

T. R. TAYLOR.

OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.—L. M.

I'm not too young for God to see:
He knows my name and nature too,
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,
And knows the thoughts I have within;
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see it if I sin.

Oh! how could children tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
If they remembered God was by,
And had them always in his sight!

Then when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I'll always try to think of this,—
I'm not too young for God to see!

WE ARE SEVEN.—C. M.

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell?"
She answered, "Seven are we!
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be!"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round the grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven!"

"But they are dead; those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said "Nay we are seven!"

WORDSWORTH.

ON THE APPROACHING SPRING.—C. M.

In winter, where can be the flowers,
And leaves that look so green?
There's not a bud in all the bowers,
Or daisy to be seen!

And who will bring them back again,
When pleasant spring comes out?
And plant them up and down the lane,
And spread them all about?

And who will send the little lambs,
With wool as soft as silk,
And teach them all to know their dams,
And where to find the milk?

And who will tell the pretty bird
To build its nest on high,
And, though it cannot speak a word,
To teach its young to fly?

The Lord in heaven,—there He dwells,
Who all these things can do!
How good He is!—the Bible tells
Much more about Him too.

ON PRAYER.—S. M.

I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Dictate the words I say?

'Tis useless to implore,
Unless I feel I need;
Unless 'tis from the sense of want,
That all my prayers proceed.

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

Lord, teach me what I want,—
And teach me how to pray,—
Nor let me e'er implore Thy grace
Not feeling what I say.

'S GOODNESS IN CREATION.—C. M.

sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
hat spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
he moon shines fair at His command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed!
Where'er I turn mine eyes,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the skies.

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

Creatures of high or low degree
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with His eye;
Let me, then, ne'er forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh.

WATTS.

THANKS FOR GOD'S MERCIES.—C. M.

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled;
That in this land I pass my days,
A happy English child.

I was not born, as thousands are,
Where God was never known;
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun;
Wishing I were but in the grave,
And all my labour done.

I was not born without a home,
Nor in some broken shed;
A gipsy baby, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me;
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I can hear of Thee.

THE DYING BOY.

t must be sweet in childhood to give back
'he spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Ias grown familiar with the path of sin;
.nd sown—to garner up its bitter fruits.
knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Jpon the blossoms of some seven springs,
.nd when the eighth came round and called him out
'o revel in its light, he turned away
.nd sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
Twas *night*—he summoned his accustomed friends,
.d *on this* wise bestowed his last bequest:—

"Mother, I'm dying now!
There's deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed,
And on my brow
I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up; Oh, tell me is this death?

"Mother, your hand—
Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head;
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?

"Never beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me!
Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet,
You'll miss me there!"

"Father, I'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of: that blest land
Where it is one bright summer alway, and
Storms do *not come.*
I must be happy then;
From pain and death, you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there; and we
Shall meet again!"

"Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not!
Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine."

"Sister, my young rose tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.
And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away, my short life done,
Say, will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"

"Mother, sing me the song
You sang last night. I'm weary, and must sleep!
Who was it called my name?—nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon."

J. H. BRIGHT.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.—P. M.

I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand;
There right before my Saviour, so glorious and so bright,
I'd make the sweetest music, and praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary, nor ever shed a tear;
Nor ever know a sorrow, nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy, I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands praise Him both
day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful, but Jesus will forgive;
For many little children have gone to heaven to live,
Dear Saviour, when I languish, and lay me down
to die,
Oh, send a shining angel to bear me to the sky.

O there I'll be an angel, and with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour, so glorious and so
bright,
I'll join the heavenly music, and praise Him day and
night.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.—P. M.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children, as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He
said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

If Jesus were here, and would smile on my song,
When to love Him and please Him I tried,
With sweetest hosannas I'd join in the throng,
And would press myself close to His side.
And if they should chide me, or send me away,
I would cling to His sheltering knee,
And I'd tell them the words He Himself once did say,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

And still to His home in the skies I would go,
And ask for a share in His love;
For if I but follow Him humbly below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:
In that glorious place He is gone to prepare,
For all who are cleansed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that beautiful home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I so long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best;
When the dear little children, of every clime,
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. MRS. LUKE

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—6. 7's

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME.—C. M.

"The holy city, New Jerusalem." Rev. xxi. 2.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee.

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know.
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy scene
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

JUST AS I AM.—P. M.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.—John vi. 37.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid myself of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt—
"Fightings within, and fears without,"
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find.
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—of that free love,
"The breadth, length, depth, and height" to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

WISDOM OF SOLOMON.—S. M.

King Solomon of old
A happy choice had made;
'Twas not for life, 'twas not for gold
Nor honors that he pray'd.

He chose that better part
That leads to heavenly joys,—
A wise and understanding heart,—
And God approved the choice.

And though both wealth and ease,
***And power* and honor came,**
***We find* he did not gain from thes**
***His glory* and his fame.**

Far better than his crown,
And all his grand array,
That wisdom which the Lord sent down,
To guide him in his way.

For wisdom from above,
Will teach us heavenly things;
How we may learn to fear, and love,
And serve the King of kings.

If this is what we seek,
We cannot ask amiss;
The youngest, poorest child may speak,
And ask the Lord for this.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.—P. M.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee thou mightiest of the earth!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee! but thou art not of those
Who wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season, *all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and tempests rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

F. HEMANS

AGAINST QUARRELLING.—C. M.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild:
Live as the blessed Jesus did,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And, as His stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God His Father too.

The Lord of all, who reigns above,
Doth from His heavenly throne,
Behold what children dwell in love,
And marks them for His own.

WATTS.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Go to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

COME TO JESUS.—8. 7. 4.

Little children, come to Jesus,
He has kindly said you may,
If you try to pray, and praise Him,
He will teach you what to say.
Little children,
Come to Jesus while you may.

He will take your hand, and lead you
In the way you ought to go;
He will make you good and happy,
No one else can bless you so.
Little children,
Come to Jesus, come to-day.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Lord, I have passed another day,
And come to thank Thee for Thy care;
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favor gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by thine eye.

Look down in pity and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss;
And help me, every day I live,
To serve Thee better than on this.

Now, while I sleep, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath Thy care;
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

CHILDRENS' PRAYER.—8. 7.

Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
Oh! how solemn we should be!

Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone,
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

HYMN AT THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL.—P. M.

Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace?
Oh! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

PRAISE FOR DAILY MERCIES.—C. 1

Lord, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou giv'st me power.

My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay:
But may it be my daily prayer,
To love Thee and obey.

PRAYER FOR PROTECTION.—C. M.

Lord, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer:
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee:
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve Thee while I live.

Whatever trouble I am in,
To Thee for help I'll call;
But keep me more than all from sin,
For that's the worst of all.

No wicked thought must be allow'd,
For Thou the heart dost see;
And let me not grow vain and proud
Offending man and Thee.

But may I seek until I find,
What none are good without,—
That humble, meek, and lowly mind,
Which Jesus preached about.

A SABBATH PRAYER.—L. M.

Millions within Thy courts have been;
Millions this day have bent the knee;
But Thou, soul-searching God, hast seen
The hearts of all that worshipped Thee.

Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south adoring throngs:
And still, where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

Thy poor were bountifully fed;
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod;
Thy mourners have been comforted:
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more:—and be it one
In which both heavens and earth accord:
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy son:—
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord!

VESPER.—8. 7.

Praise to God.

Mighty God! while angels bless Thee,
May an infant lisp Thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise!

For Thy providence that governs
Through Thy empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign!

But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright through darkness all along,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?

ROBINSON.

THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as the sun's last ray
Tipp'd, with refulgent gold, the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time 'till supper to beguile
In moralizing o'er the dead
That mouldered round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave showed
Where want, and pain, and toil did rest,
And many a flattering stone I view'd
O'er those who once had wealth possessed.

A beech tree had its shadow thrown
Wide o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclined to take;
And yet they looked so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

"My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear;
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread which many a one would cheer?"

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, while tears each other chased—
"Lady, we've not enough to eat,
Oh! if we had, we would not waste.

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,
And will not eat whate'er I say;
Though sure I am the bread's her own,
For she has tasted none to-day."

"Indeed," the wan starved Mary said,
"Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more;
For yesterday I got some bread,
He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech;
I silent sat upon the grave,
And pressed the clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shivering boy then nearer drew,
And did his simple tale impart.

"Before my father went away,
Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,
Sister and I did nought but play—
We lived beside yon great ash tree.

"But then poor mother did so cry,
And looked so changed I cannot tell:
She told us that she soon would die,
And bade us love each other well.

"She said that when the war was o'er,
Perhaps we might our father see;
But if we never saw him more,
That God our father still would be!

"She kissed us both, and then she died,
And we no more a mother have;
Here many a day we've sat and cried
Together on poor mother's grave.

"But when my father came not here,
I thought, if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

"We hand in hand went many a mile,
And asked our way of all we met;
And some did sigh and others smile,
And we of some did victuals get.

"But when we reached the sea, and found
'Twas one great water round us spread,
We thought our father must be drown'd
And cried and wish'd we both were dead.

"So we returned to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be;
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said father died beyond the sea.

"Then since no parent we have here,
We'll go and search for God around;
Lady! pray can you tell us where
That God, our Father, may be found?

"He lives in heaven, mother said,
And Goody says that mother's there;
So, if she knows we want His aid,
I think, perhaps, she'll send Him here."

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, "Come both and live with me;
I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,
And will a second mother be.

"And God shall be your Father still,
'Twas He in mercy sent me here;
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

ANON.

THANKS FOR MERCIES.

My Father, I thank Thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest;
I thank Thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distressed:
O! how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day?

My voice would be lisping Thy praise,
My heart would repay Thee with love:—

O teach me to walk in Thy ways,
And fit me to see Thee above;
For Jesus said, "Let little children come nigh;"
And He will not despise such an infant as I.

As long as Thou seest it right
That here upon earth I should stay,
I pray Thee to guard me by night
And teach me to serve Thee by day,
That when all the days of my life shall have pass'
I may worship Thee better in heaven at last.

OH! MAKE ME THINE.—P. M.

My Father, I would be Thy child;
I know I'm sinful, wayward, wild,
To Thee I would be reconciled;
Oh, make me Thine.

With patience I the race would run,
Not looking back when once begun,
Seeking salvation through Thy Son;
Oh, make me Thine.

The narrow way I fain would tread,
And by Thy gentle hand be led,
With heavenly manna daily fed;
Oh, make me Thine.

Make me to love Thee more and more,
Thy Holy Spirit on me pour,
Grant me of grace a plenteous store;
Oh, make me Thi

When death's cold hand is on me laid,
My God, let me not be afraid,
Be with me, for I've often prayed
I might be Thine.

MORNING HYMN.—C. M.

My God, who mak'st the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Dost send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain. WATTS.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say—
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!

Tho' dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not—
But breathe the prayer divinely taught—
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!

What tho' in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still I would reply,
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!

Tho' Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine,
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay;
My Father still I'd strive to say,
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!

Renew my strength from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!

And when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!

NEARER TO GOD.

Nearer, my God, to Thee—
  Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
While from my sins I flee—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!"

Though like a wanderer,
  The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
  My couch a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
With One I cannot see,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

Then let my way appear,
  Steps into heaven;
All that I meet with here
  In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
To join the blest and free;
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE.—S. M.

Now, that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay, before I further run,
And give myself to God.

And lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

What sorrows may my steps attend
I cannot now foretell;
But if the Lord will be my friend
I know that all is well.

If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here;
Since God regards the orphan's cry,
O what have I to fear!

If I am rich, He'll guard my heart
Temptation to withstand;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of His hand.

If I am poor, He can supply
Who has my table spread;
Who feeds the ravens when they
And fills His poor with bread

And, Lord whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to Thy will,
And I would ask no more.

Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
O Lord! forsake me not.

Then still, as seasons hasten by,
I will for heaven prepare;
That God may take me, when I die,
To dwell for ever there.

LIFE TRANSITORY, GOD ETERNAL.—C. M.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

ONWARD!

Onward! onward! be our motto,
There's no time for standing still;
Let us work, and love, and cherish,
With a right and free good-will.

Onward! in the path of progress;
Life is but a little span;
Therefore let us work on bravely,
Let us help our fellow man.

Onward! men, be up and doing;
Now's the time—nor longer stay
But to work may we be willing,
In the good and honest way.

Onward! do no longer tarry,
Up, and do what good you ca
Surely we can all do somethin
Up then, up then, to a nay

Onward! onward! death is coming,
There's no time to throw away;
Let us then improve the present—
Work while it is called to-day.

Onward! fellow sinner, onward!
Leave your load of guilt behind;
Come, O, do come now to Jesus,
Cleave fast to the Crucified.

Onward! fellow christians, onward,
Let your faith be strong in God;
May we seek to be more like Him,
Live to labour and to love.

Onward! then, in love to Jesus;
Onward! then, in love to man;
Onward! too, in all good actions;
Onward! do what good you can.

REUBEN CHANDLER.

FAITH.

things of time, the things of time, how they
eal the heart away
the lowly walk, and the humble trust, and the
pirit's steadfast stay;
rive and seek, and we long to keep the door of
ıe inner part,
ıe tempter waits, and he offers his baits, and
etrays the yielding heart:

what will keep, O what will keep, in temptа-
on's bitter hour,

When the willing soul would fain resist, but the flesh
hath not the power?
Say what will keep from the downward path, and the
error the spirit hates—
From the things we would not, and yet we do—from
the sorrow that sin creates?

O, there is a faith ('tis the gift of God), which can
fetter the stoutest will,
Which even can break the tempter's might, and the
rising tumult still—
It is not in pomp, it is not in words, it is not in
sounding deed,
But it cometh in secret power to aid the soul in its
greatest need.

It is when apart from all human trust, we sink into
contrite prayer,
And ask of the Father of spirits His help—our staff
of support is THERE.
And it anchors the soul when its strength is small
and it feels no might of its own,
For it shows us indeed, that our safety and light
must come from heaven alone.

Then the things of time, the things of time, will no
lead the heart away,
From its steadfast love, and its humble hope, and its
trust in God, its stay;
But its idol gifts, and its dearest joys, will be laid in
meekness down,
And the incense shall rise from the altar of Faith
before the heavenly throne.

GRACE AFTER A MEAL.

O Lord, for this our daily food,
Accept our praise and gratitude;
And add, through our Redeemer's grace,
Those blessings which shall never cease.

W. E. L.

THAT YE, THROUGH HIS POVERTY, MIGHT BE RICH.—L. M.

O'er the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on His lone unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks He not a home of rest?
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay His head.

Such was the lot He freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through His poverty there flows
A rich full stream of heavenly grace.

THE PILOT.

Oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep:
Go down! the sailor cried, go down,
This is no place for thee;
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

Ah! Pilot, dangers often met
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might:
It is not apathy, he cried,
That gives this strength to me!
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulphed
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm:
And such perhaps may be my fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
*Where*ver thou may'st be.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

"Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone?

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight,—
Oh! call my brother back!

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around the garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load;—
Oh! call him back to me!"

"He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given!—
Go, thou must play alone my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left the birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And, through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more?"

F. HEMANS

WALKING WITH GOD.—C. M.

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that make Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

:P THE SUNSHINE IN YOUR FACES.

Oh there is much to live for
  In this changing world of ours,
Much to watch and fondly tend
  Among its varied flowers;—
There are hearts to gently soften,
  And lead from error's track;
With love's sunshine in our faces
  We may bring its wanderers back.

Oh! many an erring brother
  Needs a kindly look and smile,
A ready hand to help him
  From the sin that would beguile.
He has need of our kind wishes
  As oft aside he roams,—
We must pray for him at all times,
  And keep sunshine in our homes.

And sunshine in our hearts too,
  To gild our thoughts of all
Forgiveness and long-suffering
  For any who may fall.
And love like Thine who could forgive
  When nailed upon the tree,
Bid heaven's sunshine fill our souls,
  And make us more like Thee!

"MY SON, GIVE ME THY HEART."

Prov. xxiii. 26.—C. M.

Oh for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither death nor life can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my hear
Thy new best name of love.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are goin
Do thou strive to grasp them

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven,)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too, to let them go.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Do not look on life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that passes slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reaching heaven—but one by one,
Take them lest the chain be broken—
E'er the pilgrimage be done.

JESUS OUR FRIEND.—8. 7. 7.

One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood;
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconcil'd in Him to God.
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a friend in need.

When He liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls us brethren, friends,
And to all our wants attends.

Oh for grace, our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Saviour, love for love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above;
But when to our home we're brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

NEWTON

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM'S HOPE.

One sweetly solemn thought
  Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home to-day,
  Than ever I was before.

Nearer my Father's house
  Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
  Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life
  Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
  Nearer taking the crown.

Lying darkly between,
  Winding down thro' the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
  Which leads at last to the light.

Jesus perfect my trust,
  Strengthen the hand of my faith,
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
  On the edge of the shore of death!

Feel Thee near when my feet
  Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be, I'm nearer home,
  Nearer now than I think.

CAREY.

LABOUR.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us
Hark how creation's deep musical chorus
Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!" the robin is singing,
"Labour is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen that eloquent whisper upspringing;
Speaks to the soul from out Nature's heart.
From the dark cloud comes the life-giving shower,
From the rough sod springs the soft breathing flowe
From the small insect the rich coral bower,
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his par

Labour is life!—'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth:
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labour is glory! the flying cloud lightens,
Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
Idle hearts ever the dark future frightens,
Play the sweet keys would'st thou keep them in tu

Labour is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.

Work! and pure slumber shall wait on thy pillow.
Work! thou shalt ride over care's coming billow,
Lie not down weary 'neath woe's weeping-willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee,
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look on yon pure haven smiling beyond thee,
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower be it ever so lowly,
Labour! all labour is noble and holy;
Let all thy deeds be a prayer to thy God.

OSGOOD.

"DISCOURAGED BECAUSE OF THE WAY."

Numbers xxi, 4.

Pilgrim of earth, who art journeying to heaven!
Heir of eternal life! child of the day!
Cared for, watched over, beloved and forgiven,
Art thou discouraged, because of the way?

Cared for, watch'd over, tho' often thou seemest
Justly forsaken, nor counted a child—
Loved and *forgiven*, tho' rightly thou deemest
Thyself all unlovely, impure, and defiled.

Weary and thirsty—no water-brook near thee,
Press on, nor faint at the length of the way;
The God of thy life will assuredly hear thee,
He will provide thee with strength for the day.

Break through the brambles and briars that obstruct thee,
Dread not the gloom and the blackness of night,
Lean on the Hand that will safely conduct thee,
Trust to *His* eye to whom darkness is light!

Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide thee,
Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord—
Grace to go forward, wherever He guide thee,
Simply believing the truth of His word.

Still on thy spirit deep anguish is pressing—
Not for the yoke that His wisdom bestows,
A heavier burden thy soul is distressing—
A heart that is slow in His love to repose.

Earthliness, coldness, unthankful behaviour—
Ah! thou may'st sorrow, but do not despair;
Even this grief thou may'st bring to thy Saviour;
Cast upon Him e'en this burden of care!

Bring all thy hardness: His power can subdue it:
How full is the promise! the blessing how free!
"Whatsoever ye ask in *My* name, I will do it,
"Abide in My love and be joyful in Me."

PRAY FOR THOSE THOU LOVEST.

Pray for those thou lovest!
If uncounted wealth be thine,—
The treasures of the boundless deep,—
The riches of the mine;

Thou canst not to a treasured friend,
So dear a gift impart,
As the earnest benediction
Of a deeply loving heart.

Yes, pray for those thou lovest!
Thou may'st vainly, idly, seek,
The force of fervid tenderness,
In feeble words to speak.
Go; kneel before thy Father's throne,
And meekly, humbly, there
Ask a blessing for the lov'd one,
In the holy hour of prayer.

Seek not the worldling's friendship!—
It will droop and fade ere long,
In the dull and heartless glitter
Of the pleasure loving throng.
But seek the friend, who when thy prayer
To heaven shall murmured be,
Breathes forth in fervent sympathy
A fervent prayer for thee!

And should the flowery path of life
Become a path of pain,
The friendships formed in bonds like these,
Thy spirit shall sustain;
Years may not chill, nor grief invade,
Nor poverty impair,
The love that grew and flourished
In the holy hour of prayer.

Join, my soul, with every creature;
Join the universal song!

Father! source of all compassion!
Pure unbounded grace is Thine;
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise Him for His love divine.

Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and hea
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

PRAYER.—C. M.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air,
His watchword in the hour of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

"EARLY DEDICATION."

Remember now thy God, my child;
Choose now the better part,
Before long years of care and sin,
Have aged and chill'd thy heart;
Before its hidden springs of love
Have been unseal'd—defiled;
Its riches spent on worthless things—
Give all to Him, my child!

Remember Him when morning light
Shines on thine opening eyes;
And when the night shades gathering round,
With soft stars gem the skies.
'Tis He who guards thy helpless sleep
From terrors dark and wild:
'Tis He who gives each joyous day—
Forget Him not, my child!

Think of Him in thy busiest hours
With book, and map, and sum,
When to the earnest, patient mind,
No other thought should come.
One loving, truthful look towards Him,
Will make a dull room bright,
And hardest tasks, and tiresome sum,
Seem strangely clear and bright.

Remember that in work, or play,
His eye is fixed on thee,
And at that loving holy glance,
Let sloth and anger flee.
When selfishness and dark deceit
Would lead thy soul astray,
One earnest, prayerful thought of Him,
Will drive these foes away.

ROCK OF AGES.—7's.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flowed.
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in Thee.

SATURDAY EVENING.—7's. M.

Safely through another week,
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the coming Sabbath day:
Day of all the week the best,
*Em*blem of eternal rest.

Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand,
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by Thy hand:—
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.

When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near!
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy house appear;
Holy may each Sabbath prove,
Till we join the church above!

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—C. M.

See the kind Shepherd, Jesus stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

Permit them to approach He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care:
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

THE SONG OF MIRIAM.—P. M.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed! His people are free!
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave,—
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave!
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed! His people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow—His breath was our sword!
Who shall return, to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
The Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide:
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed! His people are free!

TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.

"Take no thought for the morrow," its trials or dangers;
Why burden thy spirit with deepening gloom?
Ah! to-day hath enough to distress and perplex thee,
It needeth no shadow of dark things to come.

"Take no thought for the morrow," no sorrow shall
touch thee,
But that which thy God in His love hath decreed;
Go to Christ with thy grief, as it daily ariseth,
And seek for His strength in the moment of need.

"Take no thought for the morrow," rich mercy
abounding
Has marked every step of thy pathway till now;
Put thy trust, then, in God, for the still distant future,
Effacing those dark lines of care from thy brow.

"Take no thought for the morrow," its dawning may
find thee
A spirit of rest 'neath the altar of God,
With the last battle fought, and the last trial ended,
The victory won through Emmanuel's blood.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main;
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother—
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

THE MIRACLE OF BETHESDA.—C. M. D.

The aged sufferer waited long
  Upon Bethesda's brink;
Till hopes, once rising warm and strong,
  Began in fears to sink:
And heavy were the sighs he drew,
  And fervent was his prayer,
For he with safety full in view,
  Still languished helpless there.

His hope grew dim; but one was nigh
  Who saw the sufferer's grief:
That gentle voice, that pitying eye,
  Gave promise of relief.
Each pang that human weakness knows
  Obeyed that powerful word:
He spake, and, lo! the sick arose,
  Rejoicing in his Lord!

Father of Jesus! when opprest
  With grief and pain we lie,
And, longing for thy heavenly rest,
  Despair to look so high,—
Oh, may the Saviour's words of peace,
  Within the wounded heart,
Bid every doubt and suffering cease,
  And strength and joy impart!

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

The curling waves with awful roar,
A little boat assailed;
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er all on board prevailed.

Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm;
And cheerful, with composure, smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"Why sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied,
"My father's at the helm!"

So when our worldly all is reft,
Our earthly helper gone;
We still have one true anchor left,
God helps, and He alone.

Then turn to Him, 'mid sorrows wild,
When wants and woes o'erwhelm;
Remembering like the fearless child,
Our Father's at the helm.

SABBATH EVENING.

The Sabbath day has reached its close,
Yet, Saviour, 'ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows,
Smile on my evening hour.

Oh! heavenly Comforter, sweet Guest,
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Weary I come to Thee for rest,
Smile on my evening hour.

If ever I have found it sweet,
To worship at my Saviour's feet,
Now to my soul this bliss repeat,
Smile on my evening hour.

Let not the gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be lost again;
Let heavenly dews distil like rain,
Smile on my evening hour.

Oh! ever present, ever nigh,
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eye,
Thou hear'st the contrite sinner's cry,
Smile on my evening hour.

My only intercessor Thou!
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow,
Smile on my evening hour.

And oh, when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God! my everlasting Friend!
Smile on my evening hour.

THE BIBLE.

The praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read His holy word.

Great God! this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Proclaimed the covenant of Thy grace,
And sealed it with His blood.

Oh, may the gospel teach,
And may my heart receive,
Those truths which all Thy servants preach,
And all Thy saints believe!

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read His word,
And have not learnt in vain.

A LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep:
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Bless'd Jesus! near Thy side.

Oh, make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLOR OF GOD.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to po

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us, is divine."

CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.—L. M.

The God of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree,
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please Him more
Than if we gave Him all our store;
And children here, who dwell in love,
Are like the little ones above.

The gentle child that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Great God! forgive, whenever we
Forget Thy will and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind!

CHRIST ON EARTH.—C. M.

"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—*Isaiah liii.*—6.

The Saviour comes; no outward pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in Him
To draw the carnal eye.

Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a man of woe!
Grief was His heavy burden here,
Through all His life below.

Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,
And ours the woes He bore;
Pangs, not His own, His spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.

His sacred blood hath washed our souls
From sin's polluting stain;
His stripes have healed us, and His death
Revived our souls again.

All we like sheep have gone astray
In ruin's fatal road:
On Him were man's transgressions laid—
He bore the mighty load.

He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiven;
He lives to bless them, and defend,
And plead their cause in heaven.

O God the Son, who lowly came
Lost sinners to restore,
All glory to Thy holy name,
All glory evermore.

GOD PRESENT EVERYWHERE.—C. M.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
Or heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a tempest dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps o'er ocean's bed,
But heaven's own voice is there.

There's not a star whose twinkling light,
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

Then rise, my soul, and sing His name,
And all His praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And built the universe.

HEAVEN.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

THE HAPPY LAND.—P. M.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King!"
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to that happy land,
Come, come away!
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

A GLORIOUS WORLD OF LIGHT.

There is a glorious world of light
  Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
  Adore the Lord most high.

The bliss they feel we, too, shall know,
  If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go
  If found in wisdom's way.

This is the joy we ought to seek,
  And make our chief concern,
For this we come from week to week,
  To read, and hear, and learn.

Soon will our earthly race be run,
  Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers one by one,
  Must droop and pass away.

Great God! impress the serious thought
  This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
  May enter into rest.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

Though glorious, O God! must Thy temple have been,
  On the day of its first dedication,
When the cherubim's wings widely waving were seen,
  On high o'er the ark's holy station:

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd
To minister, standing before Thee,
Retir'd from the cloud which the temple then fill'd,
And Thy glory made Israel adore Thee:

Though awfully grand was Thy majesty then;
Yet the worship Thy Gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repeal'd?
But by Him, unto whom it was given
To enter the Oracle, where is reveal'd,
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once entered, hath shewn us the way,
O Lord! how to worship before Thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore Thee!

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found Him
By the patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noon-tide around Him.

How sublime, yet how simple the homage He taught
To her, who enquir'd by that fountain;
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought,
Or ador'd on Samaria's mountain—

Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if ye rightly would hail Him,
Will neither be worhipp'd exclusively here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a Spirit! and they who aright
  Would perform the pure worship He loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
  That spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth can declare,
  Whose bosoms have livingly known it;
Whom God hath instructed to worship Him there,
  And convinc'd that His mercy will own it.

The temple that Solomon built to His name,
  Now lives but in history's story;
Extinguished long since is its altar's bright flame,
  And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom divine,
  Though all human fabrics may falter,
Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
  Where the fire burns unquench'd on the altar!

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

Though earth has full many a beautiful spot,
  As a poet or painter might show,
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad sight,
  Is the land that no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from the
    throne,
  Flows on, and for ever will flow;
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
  In the land which no mortal may know.

And there on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits healing sickness and woe,
The fair Tree of life! in its glory and pride,
Is fed by that deep, inexhaustible tide
Of the land which no mortal may know.

There, too, are the lost! whom we lov'd on this earth,
With whose memories our bosoms yet glow;
Their relics we gave to the place of the dead,
But their glorified spirits before us have fled
To the land which no mortal may know.

There the pale orb of night and the fountain of day,
Nor beauty, nor splendour bestow;
But the presence of Him, the unchanging I AM,
And the holy, the pure, the immaculate Lamb,
Light the land which no mortal may know.

Oh! who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal may know.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

Thou art gone to the grave,—but we will not deplore thee,
Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed thro' its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee.
When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide,
He gave thee, and took thee, and He will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

HEBER.

WANT OF THOUGHT.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling;—
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a tone in which to say it.

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much,
Something secret on it preys,
Which no human aid can touch!
So in many a lovely breast,
Lies some canker-grief conceal'd;
That if touch'd is more oppress'd!
Left unto itself—is heal'd

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word, or accent, wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;—
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

CHARLES SWAIN.

'TIS SWEET TO WORK FOR JESUS.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
In this life's little day;
To spread around "the joyful sound,"
As those forgiven may;
To tell His loving kindness,
His promises so true:
To urge the young, that they may come,
And trust this Saviour too.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus:
Be this our one desire,
Our purpose still, to do His will,
Whatever He require.
No action is too lowly,
No work of love too small;
If Christ but lead, we may, indeed,
Well follow such a call.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
Oh! weary not of this,
But onward press with cheerfulness
Though rough the pathway is.
Hold on, unmoved and patient,
Till He shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God's right hand
To serve before the throne.

DO I LOVE THE LORD?

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His or am I not?

Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

When I turn mine eyes within,
O! how dark, and vain, and wild;
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel
If I did not love at all?

Could I love Thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

Saviour, let me love Thee more,
If I love at all. I pray
If I have not loved before
Help me to begin to-day.

TO BE THE THING WE SEEM.

To be the thing we seem;
To do the thing we deem
Enjoined by duty;
To walk in faith, nor dream
Of questioning God's scheme
Of truth and beauty;

Casting self-love aside,
Discarding human pride,
Our hearts to measure;
In humble hope to bide
Each change in fortune's tide,
At God's good pleasure;

To trust, although deceived,
Tell truth, though not believed;
Falsehood disdaining;
Patient of ills received,
To pardon when aggrieved;
Passion restraining;

With love no wrongs can chill,
To save, unwearied still,
The weak from falling:
This is to do God's will
On earth—and to fulfil
Our heavenly calling.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

We never need behave amiss,
Nor feel uncertain long,
As we can always tell by this
If things are right or wrong.

I know I should not steal or use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to loose
If it belonged to me.

And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.

Whether I am at home, at school,
Or walking out abroad,
I never should forget this rule
Of Jesus Christ, the Lord.

INVITATION TO PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes;
His light is on all, below, above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love:
O then, on the breath of this early air,
Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on,
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose;
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thought to the Guardian of night.

UP, BE DOING!

Up, be doing! time is flying! flying at a rapid speed!
Life's the time for word and action, life's the time for thought and deed;
Let us seize the present moments, strive to do what good we can,
Our great aim and motto ever—love to God and love to man.

Up, be doing, careless sinner! live no longer dead in sin;
Call on Jesus Christ! thy Saviour, and the christian's life begin;
Spurn no longer offered mercy, freely offered unto thee,
Purchased with that blood so precious, spilt on Calvary's rugged tree.

Up, be doing! careless mortal! work and live for truth and right;
Up, and work! no longer tarry—work, while yet the day is light;
If my voice could reach the masses that in crowded cities dwell,
I would warn them of their danger, and the road that leads to hell.

Up, be doing! toiling brother! read the book, and use the pen;
There is much that you can do for yourself and fellow men;
Though full many a foe surround you, snares on every side you see,
Yet the grace of God can save you, and from danger set you free.

Up, be doing! christian brother! onward in the christian life;
Spread the knowledge of salvation in this world of sin and strife;
There is much around wants doing, and as much to be undone;
To each good work give your service—there is work for every one.

Up, be doing! live to purpose, every man, or rich or poor,
All come forward, for the Master needeth many labourers more;
Be not loiterers or loungers, who all day will idle stand;
Up, at once! and work in earnest, with a ready heart and hand.

Up, be doing! life is transient! we are passing fast away,
And the voice of wisdom crieth, "Work while it is called to-day!"
May we hearken to its counsel, live to labour and to love;
Then, when all our work is ended, we shall surely rest above. REUBEN CHANDLER.

HEAVEN.

We sing of the realms of the blest;
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest.
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its service of love;
The robes which the glorified wear;
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there!

WE WOULD SEE JESUS!

We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen
Across the little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen,
For the last weariness, the final strife.

We would see Jesus, for life's hand hath rested,
With its dark touch upon both heart and brow
And though our souls have many a billow breaste
Others are rising in the distance now.

We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation,
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grac
Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see His face.

We would see Jesus, other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to s
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing
We would not mourn them for we go to

We would see Jesus, yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

We would see Jesus, sense is all too blinding,
Heaven appears too dim, too far away,
We would see Thee, to gain a sweet remembering,
That Thou hast promised our great debt to pay.

We would see Jesus, this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness comes with the sight,
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day! and farewell mortal night!

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

We war against the monster drink,
Which makes our fellow man to sink;
We war against the trade
Where vicious appetites are fed,
Where many are to ruin led,
And staggering drunkards made.

A noble army is enrolled,
Who, let it to the world be told,
Against the foe will fight;
Our banner proudly waves on high,
And while we do the foe defy,
May God defend the right!

Our weapons shall be truth and love;
Good-will to man, and God above,
Our end and aim shall be—
That weeping mothers may rejoice,
And children raise a cheerful voice,
And slaves to drink be free.

Long has the foe assailed our home,
And tempted many far to roam,
With cursing to return,
To beat and kick a loving wife,
To fill a home with want and strife,
And sighs and tears to spurn.

The battle may be fierce and strong,
But right shall yet o'ercome the wrong,
And might for right give way;
While shines above the Temperance star,
Against the foe we mean to war,
To haste that better day.

A noble band is rising now,
With health and vigour on their brow,
Who will our cause sustain;
That when we quit the busy field,
Our weapons they may proudly wield,
And still our work maintain.

Then cheer ye, comrades, faint nor pause
Go forward in our glorious cause;
To drive from earth's fair sod
The greatest foe that can be found,
The wide spread universe around,
To mankind and to God. BR. CH.

THE CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST.

2 Cor. viii. 9.

What a strange and wondrous story,
From the book of God is read,
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay His head.

How He left His throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die;
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high!

If I worship God who gave me
Life, and health, and all things here,
Should not He who died to save me,
To my soul be very dear!

Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Let me not ungrateful be,
Let my words and my behaviour
Prove I love and honour Thee.

Father, let thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where He reigns above.

There with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of His name.

CHILDREN'S DUTIES.

What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away;
The blade on which it rested
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do;
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

AGAINST QUARRELING.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

Passion and pride may tempt each one
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
Till he had killed his brother.

The wise will let their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool,
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord! our childish rage;
Our little brawls remove;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

GOD'S LOVE TO MAN.—6. 6. 8.

What was it, O our God,
Led Thee to give Thy Son,
To yield Thy well-beloved,
For us by sin undone?
'Twas love unbounded, led Thee thus
To give Thy well-beloved for us.

What led the Son of God
To leave His throne on high,
To shed His precious blood,
To suffer and to die?
'Twas love, unbounded love to us,
Led Him to die and suffer thus.

What moves Thee to impart
Thy Spirit from above,
Therewith to fill our heart
With heavenly peace and love?
'Tis love, unbounded love to us,
Moves Thee to give Thy Spirit thus.

What love to Thee we owe,
Our God, for all Thy grace;
Our hearts should overflow
In everlasting praise!
Help us, O Lord, to praise Thee thus
For all Thy boundless love to us.

JANE TAY

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

When for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from he
And bore His injuries.

He was insulted every day,
Though all His words were
nothing men could do or
His heavenly

Not all the wicked scoffs He heard
  Against the truths He taught,
Excited one reviling word,
  Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross He bled
  With all His foes in view,
"Father forgive them," Jesus said,
  "They know not what they do."

Dear Saviour, may I learn of Thee,
  My temper to amend,
But speak that pardoning word for me
  Whenever I offend.

MORE THAN OTHERS I DESERVE.—C. M.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
  How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God,
  For all His gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
  Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
  And beg from door to door.

While some poor children scarce can tell
  Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell
  And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear
And do Thy holy will.

Are these Thy favours day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love Thee more than they
And try to serve Thee best.

"AND GOD CALLED UNTO SAMUEL."—P. M.

When little Samuel woke
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke
How much did he rejoice!
O blessed, happy child to find
The God of heaven so near and kind!

If God would speak to me,
And say He is my Friend,
How happy I should be!
Oh, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

And does he never speak?
Oh, yes; for in His word,
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard.
In almost every page, I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

And I beneath His care
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed.
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read His word,
"Speak, Lord; I would obey
The voice that I have heard.
And when I in Thy house appear,
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear."

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.—L. M.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawned—and madly flowed
The waves that tossed my foundering bark

horror then my senses froze,
ath-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
en suddenly a star arose,—
t was the star of Bethlehem.

was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored,—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star! the star of Bethlehem

MOTHERS OF SALEM.—P. M.

When mothers of Salem their children brought t
Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back and bade th
depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled, and sweetly sm
and kindly said—
"Suffer the children to come unto me.

"For I will receive them and fold them to my
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, oh, drive
away,
For if their hearts to me they give, they
in glory live,
dren to come unto me."

How kind was our Saviour to bid these children welcome,
But there are many thousands who have never heard His name.
Dear Saviour, hear us when we pray, that they may hear Thee to them say,
"Suffer the children to come unto me."

And soon may the heathen, of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil Thy blessed word and cast their idols all away.
Oh shine upon them from above, and show Thyself a God of love,
Teach them, dear Saviour, to come unto Thee.

CONDUCT IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.—C. M.

When to the house of prayer I go,
Upon the Sabbath day,
It would be very wrong, I know,
To trifle or to play.

I ought, with reverence and delight,
The word of God to hear;
It must be sinful in His sight,
If careless I appear.

And when I stand or kneel to pray,
Or use my voice to sing,
How wrong, to look about, or play,
Or mind some other thing!

I know 'tis wrong; and yet my heart
So foolish is, and vain,
Unless the Lord His grace impart,
I shall do so again.

Then I must pardon seek for this,
And watch my heart with care,
Lest I should play, or act amiss,
When in the house of prayer. TAYLOR.

THE SWALLOWS.

Where are the swallows gone, mamma?
I have missed them many a day!
And there were so many! what could it be
That has frightened them all away?
The robins and sparrows still come to our door,
But the beautiful swallows are seen no more.

They are gone, my boy, to a warmer clime,
Over the deep deep sea,
Where the summer in all its glorious prime
Still smiles upon lake and tree;
Where the sunbeams dance 'mid the gushing springs,
They are there, my boy, with their glancing wings.

But who told them, mamma, which way to go,
In search of that sunny land?
Oh! how could such tiny creatures know
What I hardly understand?
Their eyes could not see that far off sky,
Then how could they tell which way to fly?

God was their teacher, my wondering child,
And He watched o'er each tiny thing;
He led them aright o'er the watery wild,
And strengthened each weary wing;
That God whose words in the Scriptures tell
Of a cloudless land where we too may dwell.

And He warns that here in this changeful earth
We must quit our dwelling soon!
But He points to a heaven where no pain has birth,
And He offers to guide us home.
But let this, my sweet one, a lesson be,
The fowls of the air have more faith than we!

ON INSTINCT.

Who taught the bird to build its nest,
Of wool, and hay, and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay her store of honey by
To eat in winter hours?

Who taught the little ants the way
Their narrow holes to bore,
And through the pleasant summer's day
To gather up their store?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children when they pray
To do His holy will. MARY HOWITT.

IDLE WORDS.

"Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—Matt. XII—36.

Words are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand;
And their testimony bear
For us, or against us, there.

Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words, or words of sin;
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit our faults to hide;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray;
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Live to speak and sing of Thee;
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

Matthew xix.—14.—HOMERTON.

Yes, there are little ones in heaven,
Babes such as we, around the throne,
To whom the King of kings hath given,
Eternal glory like His own;
Jesus! Thy mercy, rich and free,
Hath suffered them to come to Thee!

O! let us think of them to-day—
Their sweet and everlasting song,
And hope to sing as loud as they
In the same glorious heaven, ere long.
Jesus! may this our portion be!
O! suffer us to come to Thee!

To come, with humbleness of mind,
With simple faith and earnest prayer,
To seek Thy precious cross, and find
Peace—safety—joy—salvation there:
O! set our sin-bound spirits free,
And suffer us to come to Thee!

To come, while we are young and gay,
While life, and joy, and hope run high;
To come, in sorrow's gloomiest day,
To come at last when death is nigh:
Lord! in that day our Guardian be,
And suffer us to come to Thee!

THIS BOOK

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BY

EDWARD LEICESTER,

12, ELLIOT STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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